

Way to Amazonia 16

The dykes were walking on, with straddled legs.

"Where is ricki?" Marlies asked, turning around sharply. Nobody knew.

"She went back to the shore," Polly croaked, "I will fly back and watch. After all, I must be immune to the virus. A parrot with a fish tail would look just too ridiculous to be possible."

ricki, in the meantime, was walking into the water; careful when the waves reached the painful part around the hips and waist. "Who ever said that salt water was good for squeezed nerves?" she muttered with the usual amount of self-pity.

Polly sat down on a rock close to her and watched, unnoticed.

The water wasn't so bad after all, once ricki was in it fully. She swam and swam. Nothing. "I just don't have the sexy smell, but maybe..." she took the electric lavender squirrel from its nest in her long hair, that had kept it safe and dry on her head.

Click --- Bzzzzzzzz... it sounded like a giant fruit fly with a lawnmower.

And certainly, there she was! The mermaid, attracted by the sound, came swimming with big strokes of her fish tail.

"Hey gorgeous, try that for a change!" ricki shouted, the squirrel in her outstretched hand.

"But how can I, with this body?" the More-maid cried, showing clearly as much self-pity as her visitor.

"Can't we swap?" said ricki, "I have never been friends with the fragile lower half of mine. I would prefer this fish tail; at least nobody will think that they can, or have to, make love to it. They would just embrace me and cuddle nicely, and keep their fingers and other appendages off my thin skin. No more well-meant pains."

"That sounds like a great idea", said the More-maid, tugging impatiently at her tail end.

"Just a moment," ricki swam a bit away, "under the condition that you release those dykes you have kidnapped, and that the virus is not spread. As soon as you get on dryland, you can go to Jane H. to have it neutralized. Her Genie's magic is not waterproof, but on the land it works fine. The same applies to my restricted movements; you don't have to keep those. Just take the body half, and fill it with you own force and lust."

At the word lust, the More-maid started tugging at her fish tail again. "There is one more thing", she said, "I will do what you have said, but what will you do for love? Maybe you will do something much worse than I was doing. After all, I have been kidnapping dykes for sex; but you will abduct them for love, and that's much worse. A broken hart is harder than broken mucous membranes, I think?"

"But I don't want to love a woman again," ricki said, "I have found my soulmate and lost her to her religious beliefs. She keeps on writing me painful letters about how she misses me, but what is the use, if she insist on serving her idea of a god, and that excludes me? What do you think why I go around cuddling boys, ponys and whatever comes my way? Just because a *woman* would remind me of her, while something else doesn't. And not touching at all, would starve my skin. It feels like a disease."

"That's OK then," said the More-maid, "the dolphins just love cuddling. They have soft silky skin, and they sure won't remind you?"

"No," ricki said, "and maybe they even like math, intelligent as they are. But I will miss the e-s dykes! And Polly..."

"They can come to visit you and exchange their tales with the dolphins", the More-maid said, and at these last words, everything was solved. The two womens' lower halves grew into their new shapes like by magic, and a wonderfully silver grey dolphin female appeared at ricki's side.

As soon as the No-more-maid had her human legs and feet, she cried out: "Help me, I can't swim! When I was a human before, I was always sitting upstairs, and never learned it!"

ricki snatched her arms, in the coldness of the Good Deed that had been her only way of touching women for almost two years now. The dolphin supported the No-more-maid's back, but it was impossible to drag her ashore like that.

In despair, the threesome looked up.

A whitish cloud was approaching fast. It was Polly with myriads of seagals, errr, seagulls, who swiftly knotted long algues around the No-more-maid's arms and chest. Macrobiotically saved! The formerly kidnapped dykes appeared from their caves in the rocks, and followed the swarm.

While the birds were dragging the No-more-maid ashore, ricki and the dolphin started exploring new ways of healing and soothing touch.

ricki "Now prepare a worthy welcome for the wonderful seawoman, all of you!"

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